…a sense within Him, knowing that the Pharisees have discovered by their hearing that Jesus is now getting more disciples than John. The Lord Jesus knows the inward parts of man, and He knows this: the Pharisees have been on John's case ever since John started preaching. Now He knows within Himself that the Pharisees have heard Jesus is gaining more disciples than John, and Jesus Christ fully understands what that means.

We are in the very beginning of his ministry. He just started working miracles a few days ago. First miracle. He has not yet called the 12. He already knows He's in trouble, and He knows He has at least three more years; He needs to do more, and at His present pace, He'll run out of time. He knows the Pharisees have been in the case of John the Baptist because He drew big crowds, but He also knows that once that shifts to whoever has the big crowds, that person will be in trouble with the Pharisees, and in this case it's Himself. He knows He's got to get out of Jerusalem, and He's got to get out of Judea, and the story that follows is literally the story of a Lord on the run. He is leaving there. He has had his very first true negative encounter. For the first time, the cross has loomed before Him. For the first time, He's faced persecution. I have a notion that He doesn't like that idea, and the reason I think that is because I don't like that idea. It's one of the most uncomfortable things in the world, and He knows now that He has got to live the next three years playing hopscotch and leapfrog, staying one leap ahead of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Scribes just as long as he can in order to fulfill His mission on this earth. The Lord is having…this carpenter who's been a non-entity for 30 years now is having His first… excuse me, you'll not misunderstand it, His first real look at reality. You understand what I mean? He is facing His first real persecution.

Well, He's going home. He's going home to Galilee to minister there, where there's no large community of the deeply religious. To get to Galilee, He's got to go through a ghetto. He gets up in the morning, leaves Jerusalem, and has some disciples with Him. I wish I knew who they were. I'd just be so neat to know who that little band was. I see about five or six people, no more. He has a little band of disciples. He gets up… their sandals… It's a blazing hot day; I think it's about a 20-mile walk. He's started out; they've gone at a good pace. It turns out they didn't bring any food or water. The sun gets high in the sky, and we have a carpenter, a Lord and a Savior, who is hot, tired, hungry, very thirsty, and, yes, discouraged. And by the way, that's encouraging.

Now, this is the scene. The walking and the sun and the thirst and the hunger have His attention. Finally, they come up to the edge of Samaria, a ghetto, off-limits to Jews. He sits down. No, the Greek says He falls down beside the well. One of the disciples pushes the well open, and the Lord tells him, without looking, that the well is too deep. They have neither bucket nor rope nor pitcher; cover it back up. The men talk, and they decide the Lord is too tired. He's going to sit there. He just can't go any further. You may not believe that, but that's exactly what's going on. He's too tired to go any further. They're not quite as tired, and they leave Him alone to go in and get a bucket, a robe, a dipper, some bread, some goat cheese, and perhaps some meat or something like that. They bring it out to Him, and He has a moment alone, and He begins to turn inward.

This morning, bright and early, He had been in the temple in Jerusalem. This afternoon, perhaps for the first time, He came into Samaria, and He saw the old altar places that had been pulled down, and this strange place where Samaritans worship the true and living God, which you're not supposed to do because that's supposed to be done only in Jerusalem. But if you can't go to Jerusalem, then you have to do something. He sees all of that, and He's lying there with His head on the well. He's tired, but He begins to turn inward.

Do you know how to do that? Do you know you have an inward place? Most of us have been quite active up here all our lives, and it takes just a little time to learn there is another place in you, somewhere down here. It doesn't take forever. It's not really difficult. It's not spooky, but there is a place within you where you can turn. It's deep in there. There's no magic. There's no spook to it. Dear brothers and sisters, contrary to… you don't have to speak in tongues to get there. You don't have to read your Bible to get there; it's a living place available to you at any time. You can go in there, and you can even walk there. I want you to know it's very important that you understand it is a locatable place. It can be found. It can be gone to. It is locatable, and you can actually walk around there and live there.

The Lord Jesus Christ, head on the well, has turned to His inward parts, and He is having a very living fellowship with His Father. He is deep in His inward being, and a surge of spiritual strength is already there, if not physical. A turning from the day to that which is real. He has gone now to where truth lies, and He is fellowshipping with His Father, and something very wonderful is happening. I don't know exactly what it is, but the inward hunger, not the outward, but the inward hunger, is just beginning to be met.

At that point, I want you to know that when God made you, He gave you physical needs, and He gave you fruit, vegetables, and meats of this earth to meet them. It turns out, dear saint of God, that your spirit also needs nourishment, and there are nourishments for our inner being. We need to furnish that internal place; you don't furnish it by having someone pour something in your ear. You can't fill it with meat, vegetables, and fruit, although the mouth can help. I would say to all of you, wisely, that most of us, in our day and age, make an effort to come to this internal place and find food, or to bring food to that place; we often begin there. It's all right to begin objectively, but sometimes we begin way out here.

Do you know the song…I've only heard it once…If you want joy, you must jump for it. If you want something else, you must dance for it. If you want something else, you must sing for it. For the joy of the Lord is my strength. That's where almost all of us begin in seeking to come in here. Do you understand what I'm saying? A jump up and down kind of thing. That's just what we do. I have nothing to criticize, but I'll tell you this: it's probably wiser to begin in the quiets. In the quiets, in the quiet places of your being. You will find later that the outward jumping up and down and dancing has a great deal more reality to it. This out here will wear out and will no longer feed the inward. There has to be a constant, deep internal fellowship that isn't so objective.

Excuse me for getting off the subject with a personal illustration. Once, some brothers came to visit us, dear, lovely saints we adored. They were very charismatic, and they came to be with us. It was a wonderful weekend; absolutely glorious. But in the morning, when we got up to pray with them, we

noticed a loose cannon on the deck. They were (making strange noises)… and we were all sitting over there real quiet. Then we came to the meeting about two hours later, and boy, we were the loose cannon on the deck, and they were mortified. They had never seen anything like that.

Now I want you to know something. There's nothing wrong with any one of those four. It's all right to pray like this. It's also all right to pray very quietly or, even better, don't pray at all. It's alright to have some real stout meetings. It's all right to have some real quiet meetings. In fact, you have to… it leaks out of me every once in a while. I'm looking for a meeting…I'm looking for a meeting with a group of Christians one day when we gather, and the meeting doesn't take place on earth at all. Abraham's looking for a city. I'm looking for a meeting.

I will tell you, in all of these, the one most frequently left out is the deep inward encounter with the Lord. All I can say is deep within; something deep within. Your spirit's strength and nourishment come so much from those times. They are also dangerous. You can get into being quiet and saints; that's just not smart either. One of the biggest problems with the Christian faith is that it demands so much variety, and we all have our straitjackets. Some of us are euphoric, and some of us are really good at math. You didn't catch that, did you? Well, you didn't catch that. Have you ever seen anybody who's really good at math who's euphoric? Impossible. Have you ever seen anybody who's really euphoric who could add and subtract? It's impossible. They're just two different natures, totally.

The Lord has turned inward, and there is fellowship with the Father. I don't know what it was, but I'll venture a guess or two. Perhaps they were fellowshipping about having just left Jerusalem and the temple there. Perhaps the Lord Jesus was pouring out worship to His Father. I don't know. Perhaps the Lord Jesus had gone into the Father and was drinking living water. Perhaps He was there, in fellowship with the Father, about the Samaritans. I don't know what He was doing, but I do know His spirit was low and being fed. Even though His mouth was parched, His head was hot, and His stomach was empty, there was a place that could be fed anytime, anywhere: an inward, a deep inward journey. I trust you will discover that way. It is not that difficult a thing to do.

While He's there fellowshipping deep within, He hears stone rubbing on stone. He looks up, and there is a woman who has a rope, a bucket, and a dipper. He opens His eyes. Let me tell you about this lady. She's got an IQ of about 85. She is as shallow as a human can be. She has never had a serious thought. She's really psychologically damaged in her soul. She is flippant. She's a yacker. Her mind flips from one place to another. There's really very little to commend this woman. The only kind thing you can say about her is that before the foundation of the ages, that woman had been chosen to be in Christ.

He opens His eyes and sees not a woman of sin, but as one whose eyes see the unseen; He sees her marked off for resurrection and marked off for Him to indwell. And He hears, He hears…and I think this is why I really feel that the Lord Jesus was either worshiping the Father beyond fellowship, worshiping the Father, or considering the reality of what Jerusalem was a picture of. Because in the instant He opened His eyes and saw that woman and saw her in eternity past, marked off, the Father spoke within Him and said, “I am seeking that one to worship me.” Praise the Lord.

The Lord says to her, "May I have a drink of water?" This persecuted, shallow little gal looks over at this man and recognizes nothing unusual except that He's a Jew and she's had the raw end of it from Jews for all her life. She looks over and sees she's got a rope and a bucket and a dipper, and He doesn't have a rope, and He doesn't have a bucket, and He doesn't have a dipper. She drops her rope and her bucket in, and it splashes very deep, and she says, "Why would you, a Jew, ask of me water? I am a Samaritan, unclean. By the way, she never gets beyond this level in the whole conversation. Thank God for God's love. You talk about someone who's unprejudiced. God's salvation in Christ is unprejudiced. Only God would choose someone like this to be so formidable in the kingdom of God.

I think at this moment, the Lord remembers the last time He was at this well. He remembers the day Jacob drew water from that well…and some of Jacob's 12 sons drew water from it. He remembers creating that well. He remembered it as a very special well He created, and He remembered that the water in it was a picture of something so glorious it cannot be comprehended. In just a minute, I want to picture it for you. The water in the well belongs to the physical material realm; it's a shadow and a picture of water that lives in another realm.

I would like for you to just go up to this river with me, the real one. You walk up to it, and it's something like standing at the foot of the Himalayan mountains, and in front of you, you could not even see the sun if it were shining because before you is a tree that reaches so high and is so broad and so great that it's higher than the Himalayas. You are in a verdant surrounding, and pouring out of the tree is a gigantic waterfall. Another, ten, fifty, a hundred, a thousand, and way above you, you see them almost endless, without number. Cataracts of rivers and waterfalls flow atop one another, cascading down this almost infinite tree. At its base, the water comes together in one mighty, roaring stream.

The vines from this tree reach 1,500 miles. The river flows round and round and round the city. You can reach your hands into that water. It's alive. It is living. In fact, it is part of God, and if you drink it, it will make you alive and will come in. Awaken the well in you, and it will bubble up and never cease flowing, so your inward parts can drink from it as long as you live in time and eternity combined; that well is a picture of that river, that water, and that well. He says to her, "Woman, if you knew who is asking you for the bucket, the dipper, and the rope to share your water, He would give you water that springs up like a well, that never runs dry. And once you've drunk it, you need never be thirsty again.

Now, wait a minute. Let's stop the ethereal foolishness. That well is in you, right now. You need to learn that that water can be drawn on every hour of every day, but I don't want to apply that too much. Forgive me for making that statement. I'm trying not to do that. I want you to look at the Lord Jesus, thirsty in spirit, drinking from that well of water, that living water, flowing from that tree, out of those cataracts, down into a river, flowing right out of the heavens into His Spirit. He's drinking of His Father and the life of God, and what He is experiencing in Samaria that day, He brought to you in the resurrection and on the day of your salvation. What He was in His relationship to the Father that day is yours to lay hold of.

The little lady with an IQ of 87; it shoots right past her. Here is a spiritual non-entity. Where's your bucket? Where's your dipper? Where's your rope? Where's the well? I didn't know there was a well like

this anywhere around here. Show me this well. I have to come out here four or five times a day. It's the only water around. Show me a well I can go in, get a dipper, and take it back to my house and never have to come out here again in this hot weather. That's what she said. The Lord says, "Alright, I'll do that." He's so confident; at this point, we would have panicked out. The Lord says, "Fine. I will tell you and your husband, bring him here."

Praise the Lord. She says, "I don't have a husband." And in this big, gigantic mess, the Lord finds a way to thread through this messed-up life and compliment that little lady. You really are a truthful person. You've had five husbands. Or is it six? Five husbands, and the man you're living with now isn't your husband. That means she's left five men. She has finally given up on the whole concept of marriage, and she's living with a man. They're meeting each other's basic needs for comfort and whatever. It's probably temporary, until one of them gets angry for the first time. It's a very common thing in your day. It's new to us.

The Lord says, you're telling the truth. You're a very truthful lady. The man you're living with… you've had five husbands, and the man you're living with isn't your husband. She looks at Him; no registration. "Oh, you're a prophet. Well, being as you're a prophet, let me ask you a theological question." Nothing has registered with this woman. Oh boy. Well, what a question. She asks a question of geography. That's right. She says, "This big theological debate is going on. Your people, my people, your people say that we have to go to Jerusalem to worship. It's the only place to worship, and we worship here in Samaria. Who's right?"

The Lord tells her, "The Jews worship what they know. You don't know what you worship." Well, it sounds like He's a prejudiced Hebrew, doesn't it? But the moment He speaks the absolute truth, He levels the hills of Samaria and the city of Jerusalem. Back in the city of Jerusalem, at this very moment, He has just come from, and what He has been watching is men in robes entering an outer court to perform a ritual. They enter an inner court, perform another ritual, and go deeper into that court to burn incense. Slaughtering an animal, lighting a candle. All of this is symbolic worship. It is a worship that is symbols and pictures, not true, not real, and not in the real temple, in a pictured temple.

So He tells her that, geographically, it is not where you worship; geographically, it's been there. That's where you go to worship, and you see the pictures and the symbols in that clay and stone place, but it's not real. It's not the true temple. It's not the place you really worship God. The hour is coming… scratch that…the hour has arrived, woman, when the true worshipper, the true one, will not worship on that hill and will not have to go into a building with people running around with robes and bells and sashes and turbans and going through rituals.

The hour is coming, and has just arrived, when the true worshipper will, geographically, geographically, go to a place to worship Him. It's geographically locatable: geographically locatable. It is in *Spirit*. Not in "woo woo woo hip hip hip hoo hoo hoo." No, that's not in spirit. Neither is that. I mean, not necessarily in spirit is not a "woo woo woo" kind of thing. I don't know if you understand what I'm saying. We say, "Oh, oh, it was just so spiritual, and everything was in spirit." No, in spirit is a place; not on a hill, not

in a temple, but right there. Even as He says it, water gushes out of that tree, down that tree, forming a great river that roars forth and pours into His spirit.

While in that moment He is glorifying His Father, He says, “My Father is at this moment looking for those who will go where I am and worship Him there. My Father is seeking those who will go where, at this very moment, I am, and worship Him there. The water flows up within Him out from the tree of life, out from the river of life into His, into His belly, and there comes up a river, a river. Yet he has been so quiet. There's no jumping up and down. There's nothing great going on. It's an internal thing going on in His spirit, but it is real. It is the truth. It is the truth of worship. It is the truth of God. It is the truth of reality. It's in the place, the only true place. Even as He speaks, He drinks that water and draws from that well, and His Father is being glorified within His internal parts.

At that moment, footsteps approach, and four, five, or six shocked men walk up, and they all look at him aghast. He is alone with a woman. Not only is He alone with a woman, but He is a prophet alone with a woman. Not only is He alone with a woman, but she is a cursed Samaritan; they're mortified. She grabs her bucket, rope, and dipper and heads home. They say, "Lord, here's some cheese and some bread, and here's some water." And He says, "I have already eaten, and I've already drunk." They see no place nor evidence of how He could have done that; they don't ask Him anything, but they don't see where he's drunk.

For a moment, His eyes pierce the future: the future of about an hour from now; the future of the next two days; the future of about 10 years from now. The future of two hours from now, an hour from now, two days from now, and 10 years from now, and He tells them, "I have drunk from a place you don't yet know of. You haven't found it yet.” Oh saints, listen. He can drink from internal places when He's tired. There's a place internally where the Lord Jesus Christ can drink, where the Lord Jesus Christ can fellowship with His Father. Then He tells them, I have drunk from a place you don't know. I have been doing My Father's work, and you are going to enter into the work I have done. I did the labor; you're just going to reap the harvest. That's all you're going to do.

They don't understand that. They look up and here comes a whole city of people. They look like a bunch of wheat walking out there, all in their white togas. Here comes a harvest they haven't worked for. For two days, the Father and the Son labored while the disciples did nothing. For two days He labored and praised the Lord; 10 years later, a guy named Phillip comes to Samaria, blowing fire and soot out of every cylinder, and he hits Samaria, and those hundreds of people who heard him for those two days recall 10 years ago. He is a firebrand, and he tells them about true worship, the living Father, and a well within.

And a little bitty woman down in the front row with a pot next to her says, "I've heard that before. I believe. I believe.” And a river of water is born in her. Philip reaps where he does not sow. A city and a nation turned to Christ through labor 10 years early by One who turned inward and worshiped His Father. Praise the Lord. There's a temple in you; the only temple.

If you go there, you'll find the Son fellowshipping with the Father. You don't really need to know anything else but that, and you don't need to pray. For the rest of your life or mine, all we need to do is look at Him looking at His Father. Lord Jesus, we have the well. Sometimes we don't appear to have the bucket and the rope and the dipper. I have a prayer: that we will begin to discover a deep inward well where the water of life flows freely. A place where we can come and behold the very scenes you behold. Oh Lord, we praise You. When He was hot, tired, and discouraged, He had a place to go. That's good news, and we thank You. Open our eyes, Lord. Amen.